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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Observations on the Evil Effects produced in the Human Constitution by Stimulating Food, and by Spirituous and Fermented Liquors, when taken immoderately and habitually. By a Member of the North American Academy of Sciences. 8vo. 2d edit. 1818.

THESE physiological reflections, which first appeared in 1812, as the work of Mr. Forster, have since been republished in the Pamphleteer: we have chosen the latter edition, which, from the great alterations and additions since made by Mr. F., may, almost, be considered as a new work.

Mr. F. observes, and we believe there are few medical facts more generally allowed, "that drunkenness and gluttony are destructive of health," though their injurious effects are not always immediately perceptible. To illustrate the evil tendency of a free use of spirituous and fermented liquors, Mr. F. proceeds to explain their immediate effect on the digestive organs, and then adverts to the following fact:—

"that an unhealthy state of the constitution, characterised by circumstances which indicate a disordered condition of the digestive organs," combined with a weak and irritable state of the nervous system, "appears more or less to attend and to aggravate almost every disease, whether general or local, and to be the principal maintaining cause of the irregularities in the determination of the blood to the head, or to other parts of the body." The elevation of spirits, and stimulus, afforded by the same cause, are likewise of the most dangerous tendency; continually exhausting, and eventually undermining, the constitution: this fact cannot be too often or too strongly urged. Persons suffering from temporary loss or disappointment, too frequently have recourse to the use of wine or spirits, as a momentary relief from mental suffering; the apparently beneficial effects of this induces them to continue the practice, and the stimulus decreasing in an inverse ratio with the frequency of its repetition, it eventually

brings on the whole train of nervous and hypochondriacal disorders: indeed, Mr. F. has most decidedly exonerated the climate of England from the stigma under which it has so long laboured:—

"Spirituous liquors and high food have the most direct tendency to produce and to aggravate this determination of the blood [to the head]; and the prevalence of madness in England, is principally owing to the habit of eating too much animal food, and the free use of strong drinks. For although the peculiar natural disposition of the individual mind, combined with erroneous education, may determine the nature of the objects of hallucination and enthusiasm, yet the undue excitement of the brain from the blood-vessels, stimulated by strong drinks, must aggravate and perpetuate such errors, by perverting the judgment and confusing the ideas."

The common and frequently fatal error, that an advanced period of life requires the additional stimulus of a little wine, is justly combated by Mr. F., as, at this period of life "the great determinations of blood to the head happen, and the habit of drinking is most dangerous, as it promotes that momentous irregularity in the circulating system." Consumption is mentioned as another instance of a disease, in which the patient is remarkably susceptible of stimulus. In this disease, the use of a nutritive, but unstimulating regimen, is strongly recommended; and Mr. F. expresses his conviction, "that the violent use of wine and spirits will hurry a patient, predisposed to hectic, into a miserable state of irritation, which may produce organic disease, and become incurable*."

We shall close our observations on this work, by extracting the opinion given by Mr. Cornwall Reynolds, of Hackney, on the use of cinchona and port wine as a remedy in cases of fever: this opinion is contained in a letter prefixed to the work, and exhibits the

* As a remarkable instance of the sudden and fatal effects of drinking spirituous liquors, Dr. Cheyne, in his book on Apoplexy, mentions the case of a child, who appears to have been destroyed by drinking whiskey. On dissection, the liver was found of a bright vermilion colour.

extraordinary fact of a professional man and a perfectly intelligible writer united in one and the same person. Indeed, Mr. F.'s work may, in many instances, be considered as operating as a foil to his equally learned, though more intelligible friend:—

"The various stages of fever it is not here necessary to enter into; I mean the disease of body arising from either miasmata, contagion from a vitiated atmosphere, or very generally local sources of disease. I will not enter the lists of nosological controversy, but assume my terms are understood; and, if they are not, the fault is not with me. Instead of pouring down bark and wine when symptoms of delirium, extreme debility, quick and weak pulse, with incoherent mutterings, were present, I had recourse to gentle warm ablutions and barley-water decoctions; to which was added as much lemon-juice and sugar as made it palatable. The bowels were first opened by solutions of *sulphas magnesiae*; then the mild *dæphonis* was maintained by the simple *cooling tysan*, acidulated with lemons: and I can safely declare, upon the honour of a man who despises the hollow pomp of medical phraseology to help him out, that I had the pleasure of seeing some hundreds, both British and French, arise from their beds, and walk. Had you seen their countenances after being supplied with this liquid, and a little boiled sago or broth for nourishment, and plenty of oranges and lemons, it would have given you real comfort. Dr. Wilson, who accompanied Lord Minto to Corsica, can attest the facts I mention; and, to his credit, strongly enforced the plan of opening the bowels, and diluents to be more employed than it was at that period. As even the disease we speak of has never been really well understood, it would be well if men were permitted to cool that inordinate heat, the very nature or source of which is still a secret, not likely to be solved by compilers of nomenclatures, instead of clogging the stomach with cinchona or constricting substances, and stimulating away the little of remaining life by giving alcohol under the more specious and genteel name of *port wine*."

A Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Oswego, &c.

(Concluded from p 462.)

In the progress of the prisoners towards Santa Cruz, a participation of the Arabs in a very wide-spread and perhaps uni-

versal custom was taken notice of. Whenever they came to a heap of stones, each took up one, and threw it upon the pile; some of these piles were thirty feet diameter at the base, and were said, by the Arabs, to cover the corpses of great men. As they proceeded eastward, the country began to exhibit signs of cultivation, which continued to improve till they reached the fields of grain belonging to Ahomed. The crew, considering that it would delay their ransom, determined not to assist in reaping the grain; and, when driven to it by threatening and hunger, they purposely wasted it and cut their hands: this obstinacy was successful, and they were marched forwards to the house of Ahomed's sister, Salear, where they were kept until the arrival of the chief, who had gone to purchase an English boy at some distance. Here they met with cruel treatment; the scoldings of Salear, and of another Arab, their gaoler, little food, a filthy goat-pen for their lodging house, and almost devoured with vermin: they were employed to collect fuel, grind barley, &c. The barley in the sheaf is preserved in vaults in the ground, about two feet below the surface, and covered with planks. A kind old Arab brought them a large piece of honeycomb, but, like all the rest of his countrymen, would communicate nothing respecting the country.

On the first of May, Ahomed arrived with Bob, the English boy, who was but just recovered from the plague, and reduced to a mere skeleton. The grain being all reaped, by the Arabs, and the prisoners again bartered to some *new comers*, they proceeded onward, but not without some doubts in the mind of Ahomed, that the consul at Swerah (the Arabic name for Mogadore), would ransom them: whilst they were journeying along, Ahomed, who was sometimes communicative, told our Author, that there was once a large ship wrecked on that coast, whose crew making resistance, were, by three tribes of Arabs who had united for the purpose, entirely destroyed, not one of them being suffered to live; but nothing could be gathered from him to enable them to ascertain what country ship she was. A reservoir, and two or three cities, (as the Arabs call a piece of land walled in,) presented themselves on the way; when they came to the habitation of a sect called *Foulah*, which, from the description of Ahomed, appeared to resemble the *Shaking Quakers* of America: this sect or tribe refused to furnish them with water, which they were compelled to take by force. Some account of them may not be deemed uninteresting:—

“‘They belong to a sect called Foulah;’ they will not mix with the other inhabitants, but choose to live altogether by themselves; and are so stupid, that if the Emperor of Morocco should march an army to cut off the whole race, they would not defend themselves, but would die like fools, as they are.’ I asked him if they used fire-arms. ‘No,’ said he, ‘they make no use of them; and if God was pleased to send a Christian ship a-shore near them, they would neither seize upon the goods nor the men, nor would they buy a slave of any kind.’ I asked him if they were numerous, and he answered,—‘No; they are not numerous; but the dwellings you see on the other sides of the hills yonder are theirs; and in many other places they are to be found: and wherever they are, they always keep together by themselves.’”—p. 199.

The Foulahs* are Mohammedans; the men are taller than the Arabs, and appeared very like the American Indians in their colour and shape; the women were taller, better shaped, and better clad than the other Arabian women. After travelling for some days, and meeting with several Arabs, who endeavour to purchase the prisoners, they at length reached the tents of Ahomed's brother, who received them with pleasure, and we may add with hospitality, two pots of boiled meal being ordered for their supper: but the wife of Ahomed's brother having boiled one only, and saying she thought it was as much as they deserved, “without uttering another word, he took up a heavy club, and struck her over the breast, when she fell, and he continued to beat her till we could no longer hear her groans.” The poor woman did not long survive this barbarous cruelty. Another pot of meal was cooked, and this, together with a good supply of muscles, which the boys gathered from the rocks, satisfied the appetites of the “Christian dogs,” as the Arabs always revilingly called them.

On the morning of the ninth of May, they came in sight of Santa Cruz,† but at a considerable distance, and although

* These “Foulahs” must not be confounded with either of the negro nations of the same name, of which one is found on the river Senegal, and the other on the Gambia. There is probably some mistake as to the signification of the word, at the bottom of these various applications of it. The Foulahs of our author, in the mean time, appear to be not only a religious sect, but a separate race of men. Their personal appearance struck him as different from that of the Arabs, whose prisoner he was, and we are not authorized to regard them either as Moors or Brebers, the other inhabitants of the country.—REV.

† Santa Cruz, the Sainte Croix de Barbarie of the French, is situated at the southern foot of Mount Atlas, on the sea coast. Its native name is Agadir.—REV.

this gave them great hopes, yet the continual attempts made by strangers to purchase them of Ahomed, and to assure him that “the consul of Swerah had no money left to ransom them,” rendered them very uneasy. On the evening of the twelfth they had reached the lower town, and were met by a soldier, who came running towards them, and having learned that our author was the chief of the prisoners, said to him, “You are to appear before the governor immediately:” this welcome news filled his heart with joy, and he lost no time in obeying the summons, accompanied by the boy Laura as his interpreter.

Arrived at the house of the Governor of Santa Cruz, a Moor asked many questions of them, such as what part of England the ship belonged to, how large the vessel was, how many poles (masts) she had, what was their lading, and what money they had; these questions being answered, the Governor approached, and, saluting our author, invited him to sit down:—

“He was a stout, portly, good-looking man, about six feet high, and nearly fifty years old; of a light copper colour, with a short bushy beard; and wore a clean whole haick, and neat Morocco slippers. His pleasing manly look prepossessed me in his favour; and all his questions to me were pertinent and distinct. The Moor told me in Arabic the substance of the interrogatories which he had put to me, and then the Governor proceeded to ask me several questions about my shipwreck, the cause of it, the time it happened, and whether the Arabs then present had any of the gold I had lost. After I had, through Laura, answered all these questions to his satisfaction, he asked how this Arab (Ahomed) had treated me: and, without waiting for a reply, he continued:—‘These Arabs are all a set of thieves and murderers, and from time immemorial they have been at war with the Moors, as well as with all others within their reach; and if they have not treated you well, I will keep you here a few days, when I shall be going myself to Swerah*, and will take you along with me, and deliver you to the Consul.’ I could plainly perceive Ahomed to tremble.”—p. 248.

After answering these questions, the Governor ordered some victuals, which consisted of “a dish of *coscoson* which is a favourite with the Moors, and on it lay a whole quarter of a goat. Of this our author ate very sparingly, but Laura could not be restrained from feeding most ravenously; their drink was sweet milk and water, brought in a very clean copper kettle. The Governor accompanied them to a battery, at

* This name is probably misspelt. The French write *Souerah*, which, according to English orthography, is Swerah, or Swarab.—REV.

some distance, where he procured them a dozen of their loaves of bread; then, turning to Ahomed, he addressed him to this effect:—

“ ‘ You I command to take these Christians to Swearah, and deliver them over to their Consul, without any unnecessary delay; in three days after this you are to arrive there: use them in the best manner you possibly can; and now depart.’ The Governor was standing when he uttered this mandate, Ahomed was sitting where I left him; nor had he, according to Laura's account, stirred an inch from that time; but, upon hearing the orders of the Governor, he fell upon his knees, or rather advanced on them, to the Governor, and kissed the hem of his garment.”—p. 252.

Our author and Laura now left the battery, to return to their companions, whom they found feasting sumptuously on fresh loaves of bread, with dry dates, and water sent by the Governor's orders; their joy cannot easily be expressed. Santa Cruz is situated on a handsome peak, at a declivity of Mount Atlas, steep on every side, and particularly on the south-west and north; surrounded with high walls of stone, with cannon planted on all sides, and appears both by nature and art impregnable to every force the wild Arabs can bring against it; the lower town is principally inhabited by fishermen.

From Santa Cruz, the party had proceeded two days' march towards Mogadore, when they met with a venerable Moor, who befriended them much, and prevented the Arabs from returning with their captives, which they had the intention of doing. The Moor proposed that Captain Paddock should write a letter, and have it sent to the Consul; adding, “ You will know, then, whether the stories they have told you are true or false;” to this the Arabs consented, on condition that he would hire a Moor to carry it; a sheet of paper, a reed, (which the Moors always use for pens), and some ink, were immediately prepared, with a large flat stone for a writing table. The Arabs collected round our author, whilst Ahomed dictated the letter, the substance of which was that the crew had been held captives by the Arabs, who would not carry them to Swearah, till the redemption-money was sent in advance; that the Captain had given his solemn pledge of honour that the ransom was to be four hundred dollars for each, and forty in addition, for himself; and that the bearer might bring the money, and the consul would send a man to see it paid. As the Arabs could not read it, our author was able to deceive them, and stated to the Consul their actual situation, the misery they had endured, and the certainty of their

being dragged back again, unless speedily ransomed.

The Moor was dispatched with the letter, but speedily returned, saying he had met with an acquaintance, who told him it was good for nothing; in vain did our author assure them to the contrary, and of the certainty of the Consul's paying all they had promised. After many proposals on both sides, in which the cupidity of the Arabs and the Moors was equally conspicuous, it was agreed, on the suggestion of their good friend the Moor, that Ahomed and Captain Paddock, accompanied by a Moor and an Arab, should go to Mogadore and see the Consul; horses were prepared, and they set off on their journey, travelling as quick as the ruggedness of the road would permit them; during the night, they rested at a house on the road, where our author was shut up in a filthy place, which sheep and goats had just quitted; next morning they started early, and were in sight of Mogadore, where they halted at the house of a Moor who supplied the town with milk. Our author, by this time, had acquired sufficient knowledge of the Arabic language to make himself understood, and he answered the inquiries of the Moors, as to his knowledge of Mogadore, very satisfactorily. After the Arabs and Moors had feasted, a plentiful meal was brought to their captive; “ it consisted of about three pounds of beef-steak, boiled, about three pounds of hot bread from the oven, sixteen hard-boiled eggs, and half a pound of butter.” Of this he ate very sparingly, being afraid that too free an indulgence might injure him. The party rested here all night, and Captain P. seized the opportunity of going to the fresh water river, to bathe and wash himself.

On the 17th of May, they set forward, and were met by a Jew, who, speaking English, conducted them to the house of the Consul at Mogadore: here they met with a number of English sailors, who welcomed our author with the sincerest joy: his reception from the Consul was not less cordial:—

“ When our emotions had a little subsided, I asked for the Consul; and one of them, after telling me that he was asleep, ran to his room door, calling out—‘ Mr. Gwin, Mr. Gwin, an English captain is here from the Arab coast, and the Arabs with him.’ I heard the Consul make some answer, and in a minute his door opened, and he presented himself to me with nothing on but his shirt and breeches. Never can I forget the cordial reception he gave me. ‘ My good friend,’ said he, ‘ how happy am I to see you; wait a little, till I dress myself.’ He then returned,

leaving me with the sailors, who, I had found, were of the Martin Hall's crew. They all hung round me, like so many children round a beloved parent, asking the same questions over and over again. The venerable old gentleman, Consul Gwin, soon came to us, dressed, and in a most friendly manner shook hands with me the second time, and then said, “ Come with me, my breakfast is ready.” While I was following him to his room, he made a stop, and asked me to what part of England my ship belonged. Upon this I told him that I had been carrying on a piece of deception, but such, I believed, as had injured no man; that I had all along called myself an Englishman, with a view to gain my liberty by it, as I was fearful that there was no American consul here; but that, in fact, I was an American, belonging to New York, to which place my ship belonged. He paused but for a moment, and then said, “ Very well; you are a Christian, that is enough.”—p. 304-305.

This conduct of our consul was worthy of an Englishman and a Christian*; and we only regret that he was not supplied with more ample pecuniary means to exercise his humanity. After breakfast, Mr. Gwin told our author that the United States consular agent had been disgraced by the Emperor, and ordered to leave his dominions; adding, “ Your Consul-General, Mr. Simpson, resides in Tangier, and to him you must apply for relief. I will do every thing in my power for you, but am poor, and can't advance money for your ransom. However; beyond doubt, there are gentlemen here who will do it.” Ahomed and the Moor were now called, and the latter paid for his trouble in escorting them; and Ahomed was charged to go and bring the remainder of the men up before the night of the third day: he hesitated, unless the price of their ransom was first paid; but the Consul threatening to procure twenty soldiers from the Governor to fetch them, he promised to go himself.

After getting shaved, and dressed in some of the consul's own clothes, our author, accompanied by the Consul, called on Messrs. William and Alexander Court, merchants, who received him kindly, and manifested a disposition to relieve him. Some idea of the numerous wrecks on this coast, and the misery that is endured, may be formed from the Consul's assuring our author, that there had been thirty ships wrecked on the Arabian coast within thirty years; and, that according to a

* Without offence, however, to our worthy Consul, his words, if strictly interpreted, were still not sufficiently liberal. He should have said, “ You are a *man*, that is enough; or, “ You are in *distress*; that is enough.”—REV.

general calculation which had been made, the captives that perished among the natives, formed, on an average, one third of the whole number wrecked, and that eight months was considered a short time for the remaining two-thirds to obtain relief.

All the English merchants at Mogadore shewed the greatest sympathy for the sufferings of these unfortunate men. and Messrs. Court agreed to pay the ransom of the whole party, who had by this time reached the city.

Mr. William Court had resided in this country many years, was well acquainted with the language and disposition of the Arabs, and therefore we quote, as valuable, his opinion on the ransoming of slaves:

"'Giving a great ransom,' said he, 'for Christian captives, and showing a strong desire to relieve them, have always hitherto had a direct tendency to retard their deliverance; for, when the Arabs find that a great price is given for Christian slaves, their avarice is excited, and their rich men buy them up on speculation. There have been instances,' continued he, 'when, it being known that a large sum was offered for a certain number of Christians, they were bought for the purpose of speculation; and the purchaser having come up here, and got a better offer, returned home, and sold them to other speculators, who kept them in hopes of a still greater price, and detained them so long, that some of them died of hard usage and of grief.' On the other hand, he said, if the ransom was very small, the inducement to bring them up would be alike small; and he therefore thought it best to pursue a middle course."—p. 323.

The regulations of the market at Mogadore are worthy of notice:—

"Every morning an officer goes to each stall, and pastes up a piece of paper, on which is written what is to be the price of beef for that day. So severe is the regulation of the police, that no seller dares to exceed that fixed price, though every one is at liberty to sell as much below it as he pleases. Thus, much trouble is saved, and no imposition can be practised on the buyer, as the meat is rarely sold below the fixed price. The price of the meat is governed by the price of cattle, which are constantly for sale without the gates, and are always cheap." p. 331.

The imposts are under a peculiar regulation, very agreeable to the mercantile houses, and the business of imports and exports is done with great ease and correctness. By the Mohammedan law, neither Jews nor Christians are permitted to ride on horseback, but policy has yielded the indulgence to the latter; they are permitted not only to ride on horseback, but to keep their shoes on while passing over what Mahometans

call holy ground," whereas the Jews are obliged to put off their shoes, and pass over the ground barefooted.

The Moors are very fond of making proselytes to their religion, and whilst our author remained at Mogadore, an instance of apostasy occurred, that of the boy, Jack, belonging to the Martin Hall's crew, who had embraced the Mohammedan religion; nor could the Consul reclaim him, although he used all the influence he possessed, which was that of examining the boy, for three successive days, in the Governor's presence, and endeavouring to persuade him to return to his former religion: this the Consul did, but was at last obliged to let him go. Great rejoicings followed Jack's apostasy, and he was paraded round the city, mounted on a horse, followed by an immense crowd singing and shouting, highly gratified with the acquisition they had made.

Christians, when ransomed, cannot depart from Mogadore without permission of the Emperor; and, as our author and his comrades were the first natives of the United States that had been wrecked on the coast, it was feared that they might be ordered to Fez, to gratify the Emperor's curiosity; this, however, was not the case, as the United States' Consul-General at Tangier obtained permission for them to return home: a passage in a schooner for Lisbon was now agreed for, and they all went on board except the boy, Jack, who had turned Mohammedan, and Pat, who had taken up with a countryman he had met, and with whom he preferred remaining at Mogadore, to the chance of being roughly treated by the crew, who had threatened to kill him whenever they should have it in their power.

The Consul's opinion on this subject was, that the most ready and effectual way for redeeming Christian captives would be to fix their ransom at a stated price, without making any distinction between a captain and his cook or cabin-boy; that, if this were done, an Arab, having a Christian in his possession, and knowing the exact sum given for him, would, without delay, bring him up, as no rich man among them would have any interest in his detention, from views of speculation. What sum Messrs. Court paid for the ransom of this crew does not appear, but the Arab claimed more of course, and having received the presents from Captain Paddock, their intercourse terminated.

Whilst our author was at Mogadore, he learned that the Arabs had found his keg of dollars, which he had deposited in the barrel of beef; and that they had very carefully taken the ballast out of

the ship, supposing it to be of great value, from the ship's being laden with it; and one day, whilst sitting with the Consul and Mr. Foxcroft, a wild Arab came up stairs with a bundle of cloth to sell; judge what must have been the surprise of our author, when he recognized the *tabinet* he had bought for his wife in Ireland, and which the poor negro said his mistress should still have. Mr. Foxcroft bought one of the pieces for his wife, and the Consul the other, which he afterwards put into the trunk of Captain Paddock without his knowledge; and thus was his wife enabled to wear the gown at last, which, no doubt, will be doubly prized on account of its singular adventures.

On the 27th of August, the vessel left Mogadore, and reached Lisbon about the middle of September; there our author met with Captain Norman, of the *Perseverance*, to Baltimore, who readily took him and the two boys on board, refusing all offers of compensation; the United States' Consul at Lisbon advancing such money as our author needed; they left the Tagus on the 2d or 3d of October, arrived at Baltimore about the 18th of November, and Captain Paddock reached his family and friends at Hudson, the state of New York, on the 1st of December, after an absence of one year and a day.

One of the four men, left with the Arabs at the wreck, after being sold from Arab to Arab, and treated very cruelly, was at length ransomed by the consul at Tangier, and lived to reach his friends in the United States; of the other three, and the two blacks, no account has ever been heard.

We have detailed Captain Paddock's narrative at such great length, that we have very little room for remarks, nor indeed are they necessary; there have been many shipwrecks more fertile in misery and disaster, and many captivities of much longer duration than that of Captain P.; yet the work before us records their sufferings with so much modesty, gives so much interesting information respecting barbarians of which so little is known, that we consider it a valuable addition to what has been already written on the subject. The opinions as to ransoming Christian slaves, and the suggestions as to surveying the coast of Barbary, and delineating the strong currents which have been so fatal to numerous vessels, are, we think, highly worthy of attention.

FASHIONABLE DEFORMITIES.

To the Editor of the *Literary Journal*.

SIR,—As the exquisite Dandies of the present day know not how to make them-

selves sufficiently ridiculous, and as many of our would-be fashionable damsels exhibit themselves as walking deformities, with a hump on their backs, I beg leave to offer to their notice some fashions of other nations, from which, I have no doubt, they will gladly make selection.

The Indian women, in the interior of America, are compelled, by the tyranny of custom, to appear in public completely dressed, which they perform, by besmearing the whole body with oil, and painting on it a variety of figures of different colours; and travellers protest, that when thus arrayed, they appear to great advantage at a distance. Another article of their dress consists of large teeth of fishes, suspended from their ears, which hang down to their shoulders; the tips of them being pierced by their mothers in their earliest infancy, and the holes gradually extended so much that a hand might pass through. They wear rings in their nostrils, which hang down to the upper lip; a necklace composed of monkeys' teeth, and bracelets consisting of shells; ornaments which render them objects irresistibly bewitching in the eyes of the young men of taste and fashion.

The women of one Indian nation in America, consider a very bulky calf to the leg as one of the greatest personal charms; and, in order to put their daughters into possession of this singular beauty, the mothers fasten strong rings round the legs of their female infants, below the knee, and above the ankle, which they wear all their life. These rings, obstructing the free circulation of the blood, force it to extend that part of the leg which they confine; whence the calves attain a most astonishing size, which affords, to these Indian belles, a charm whose all conquering power no young Indian gentleman is able to resist. The beaux of the ladies with these bulky calves, wear enormous wigs made of feathers, which in size, completely correspond with the protuberant charms of the belles. An assembly of this nation, consisting of naked men with enormous wigs of feathers, and of girls with calves of such an unnatural size, must exhibit as becoming a sight as a party of French ladies and gentlemen of fashion in the sixteenth century, when the former wore enormous artificial rumps, stuffed with horse-hair, while the abdomens of the latter were swelled to an astonishing size, by means of cushions filled with husks.

The stiff necks and spider shapes of our Dandies, or the bent bodies of our damsels, who appear like snails carrying their houses on their backs, cannot as yet vie with the above.

Your constant reader, H. S.

ANNUAL PARLIAMENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Whenever we should again incline to dubitate concerning the intents of ancient enactments, it will be our own faults, since your correspondent ICtus has invented the summary mode of set-

ting, that is, avoiding all dispute, by legislating for himself.

"A continuance by prorogation, or adjournment for three years," he says, "is no breach of the former statutes." I would gladly know from what source, if any, he has gained this information. The "former statute," here alluded to, enacted, that a Parliament should be holden every year; (or as in 16 Car. 1. in Scobel's Coll. sets forth "the laws for a Parliament to be holden at least once a year;") and your Correspondent once remarked thereon, that the language of the act was not sufficiently explicit to show whether the intention of the legislature was "to regulate the intermission of sitting, or the duration of Parliaments." But it is all one—or all the better: your Correspondent can now have it as he pleases; which, perhaps, is more than he could do if the language of the act had unfortunately been explicit enough to defy a quibble. Ergo, "a continuation by prorogation or adjournment, for three years, is no breach of the former statutes."

The obvious fact is, your Correspondent ICtus has attached, to a determinate law, a *may-be* opinion about a three-years' legal intermission of session, and to support it is constrained to beg the question on Annual Parliaments in his favour. But his ingenuity can only be appreciated when we call to mind, that originally this novel and strange interpretation of 16 Car. 1. was invented to remove all the difficulty appertaining to the "former statutes." The 16 Car. 1. it seems, not being, in point, a jot more explicit, the "former statutes," with all their difficulty and inexplicitness on their heads, are now cited to clear up the same difficulty and inexplicitness in the 16 Car. 1. Excellent!

Allow me to recommend to some of your Correspondents, who profess so much concern for the space they occupy in your valuable publication, a little more terseness in what they write, and a little more accuracy in what they quote. The concluding observation of my first letter was, "Is it not pretty clearly ascertained, that while the laws above referred to were unfringed on, annual elections, or at least elections annually, were practised by our ancestors?" The omission of the period referred to, it seems, has given occasion to the letter of *Ordover* and to the present. The above observation was in fact suggested by the "notorious" circumstance "that Parliaments were not regularly holden every year, even in early times;" and this very circumstance about twelve months ago was thrown in the teeth of Sir Francis Burdett by the writer in the *Times*, who at that time I thought displayed about as much sagacity and "naïveté," as *Ordover*, in your Journal of to-day, lavishes upon me.

Very far, indeed, from wishing to make a question, of whether, at a given time, "the people did actually enjoy the right of election," or, perhaps what this sentence was the snare to, (any thing from the point in question,) whether, at a given time, *universal suffrage* was enjoyed; equally far, be-

lieve me, from wishing to occupy your Paper, and your Correspondent's and my own valuable time, by considering the subject of Annual Parliaments as a question of popular as well as of legal right—whether they were "the result of the undoubted right of the people, and not of the arbitrary will of the monarch."

I remain, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Lyon's Inn, Oct. 17.

J—.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—I shall feel obliged if you will give, in a future number of the Literary Journal, the right pronunciation of *Aix-la-Chapelle*. The French do not sound the *x*—the English do—but as the city belongs to the German states, how would a native pronounce it?—perhaps sounding the *x* as the Welsh do *ch*.

Your's respectfully,

AP SHENKIN.

Snowdon, Oct. 15, 1818.

METALLIC SPECULUMS.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—The highly interesting articles which you have inserted, relative to Dr. Brewster's elegant experiment of the Calidoscopes, induces me to hope that further communications are yet in store for your readers.—I particularly wish to know, whether any successful attempts have been made to throw the configurations of the Calidoscope upon a glass or paper screen, on the principle of the magic lantern, or solar microscope.—I am greatly mistaken, if a clear image may not be obtained on rough glass, of dimensions not much (perhaps), larger than the original, but capable of being seen by several persons at once, in a dark room; this is a great desideratum.—I have found the application of the camera-lucida to the Calidoscope answer very well, in order to facilitate the transfer of the configurations to paper.—I wish to ask any of your Correspondents, who may have had the opportunity of instituting the comparison, whether the reflected images from metallic speculums in the Calidoscope are so much superior to those from plated glass, as to warrant the increase of expense and trouble in their construction? A CONSTANT READER.

Sept. 19th, 1818.

RESTING-PLACE OF THE ARK.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Believe me, I have been uneasy at being unable to redeem my pledge sooner, —but, as it seems to have passed unobserved by your numerous Correspondents, it depends entirely on your favour whether the sequel shall ever meet the public eye; as, at the best, it is but conjecture—and to support it, the facts will, in most instances, appear far-fetched or strained, it may give rise to a controversy; should it so happen, allow me to profess my inten-

tion of remaining neuter; happy in having agitated a subject that may please some, can provoke none, and, in eliciting the truth of which, an idle hour may be spent with advantage to one's self, and amusement, perhaps instruction, to one's friends. I am, Sir, your's respectfully,
26th Sept. 1818. W. J. BLAND.

"AND the Ark rested in the seventh month on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat;

"And the water decreased continually until the tenth month; in the tenth month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen."—Gen. chap. viii. verses 4, 5.

HAVING taken the supposition of a mighty rush of waters, an eruption of the vast Atlantic Ocean, let us see how such an awful convulsion would have operated. It must be granted, in proportion as the time spent in the effort increased, the fury and destructiveness of it decreased, and entirely ceased, when the dreadful element, in the natural course of things, found its own level.—But what was to reduce that level to certain bounds? what was to confine it to the wonderful sea we now call the Mediterranean?—Evaporation? Nay, evaporation undoubtedly effected much, but draining* more! We see, above, the waters decreased continually until the tenth month, the first day of the tenth month; evaporation could not dispose of such a mass of waters in so short a time; then we must admit some other agent,—why not draining?—Western Tartary is well known to be the highest continent on the globe; and when the waters in their wrath over-ran the inhabited part of the earth, then it was that Tartary (presuming it to be uninhabited), asserted its guiltlessness before God, and, in the power of its innocence, stemmed the fury of the deluge, and turned (or drained), the over-abundant waters into those capacious reservoirs, the Euxine and Caspian Seas;—indeed, I cannot help thinking those seas were originally overflowings of the Mediterranean, as it is not unlikely the comparatively small tracts of land between them were laid bare by evaporation! This will not seem surprising, when we consider in no part of the globe does evaporation operate so powerfully—so wonderfully, as in the Mediterranean,—a sea which, with no visible outlet, receives the waters of the Nile—the abundant Nile. After mentioning that river, we will leave smaller ones unnoticed, and say the ocean—aye! the Atlantic Ocean—runs in a constant stream, through the Straits of Gibraltar, into the Mediterranean Sea; and is there lost, or consumed, in the subtle process of evaporation!—a process so astonishing, I am almost tempted to think it is the great loss of the Atlantic waters, in the Mediterranean, which has created, in later times, the continent of America!

* I am almost afraid draining is too poor a term for my subject.

MILFORD-HAVEN DOCKYARD.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—The Literary Journal of Saturday, Aug. 29, 1818, conveyed to your readers a very welcome statement, to this effect:—"Our Welsh articles continue to draw to us a variety of ancient British communications; and many intelligent Welshmen compose a part of our Correspondents." This information is most acceptable, as much interesting detail, from the Principality, is still *undisturbed*, and would prove valuable additions to the Literary Journal, which already stands prominent in popular esteem.

Looking to these sources of information, permit one of your constant readers to suggest the following query to some of your intelligent Welsh Correspondents, in the hope of reconciling, through them, a seeming *incorrectness* and *inadvertency* into which the Admiralty have fallen, when they named their great and newly-established naval arsenal, PEMBROKE DOCK-YARD; thus partially complimenting a town which is not in sight of this establishment, but situated on a neighbouring creek of Milford Haven, and which is navigable only at high water by ships of inferior burthen.

Surely the name of the THE ROYAL MILFORD-HAVEN DOCK-YARD, would have been more correctly bestowed, in compliment to the *Southern Principality*, and better suited to that important scale, to which one of his Majesty's principal dock-yards is now rapidly advancing in that Haven. SAIS.

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF FRIAR RICHARD HAYES, THE IRISH CATHOLIC DELEGATE, AT ROME.

[We have been favoured with the following Paper by a person on whose assurance we can rely, as to its having been received from a source of the highest authenticity. It will be recollected, that the Pope, by a rescript from Genoa, as well as by a letter written under his direction by Monsignor Quarantotti, permitted the Irish Catholics to accede to the Veto, in case that power in the British crown should be required as a condition for the removal of their civil disabilities; and that this permission gave them so little satisfaction, that a person was delegated by a considerable portion of their body, not, as might have been expected, to thank His Holiness for the concession made, but to remonstrate against it. This delegate was a Franciscan friar, named Richard Hayes, whose proceedings at Rome, and subsequently in Ireland, have made so much noise, and are so variously represented, as to become a subject of considerable curiosity. It is certain that Father Hayes did remonstrate with the Pope, in terms not only inconsistent with the reverence the Catholics are supposed to entertain for His Holiness's station, but also with

the decorum due to a sovereign prince, or, indeed, to a private gentleman; and that when the Pope informed him, that he saw no reason to alter the opinion he had given concerning the Veto, this person had the indecency personally to insult him, in his own palace, telling him, "That he would be regarded in Ireland as having sold himself to the English government." To this the Pope, (who, if the world possesses one man more than all others of a mild and humble deportment and temper, is that man,) only replied, ("Temerario, andate,") "Rash man, go thy way."

The transactions connected with the name of Friar Hayes having become a topic of much conversation at Rome, and the Gentleman before alluded to having expressed his curiosity on the subject to Cardinal Consalvi, the following Paper, containing a brief history of the Friar's conduct at Rome, was furnished to him from the highest authority; and, when upon a perusal of it, the English gentleman intimated his surprize, that the Friar had not, in consequence, been treated with more severity, the reply which was made seems to place the individual character of the Cardinal in a very honourable point of view: "In truth," said he, "this man ought to have been punished; but he had made himself so much my personal enemy, that I did not care to have any thing to do with the matter."

The circumstance above related, as occurring at the Friar's audience of the Pope, is not mentioned in the subjoined account, probably because it was not decent in the Papal Court to publish the endurance of so great an indignity by the head of the Church; but the reality of the fact was known to every man in Rome.]

PER togliere qualunque idea che in opposizione al vero si fosse potuto formare intorno a quanto è accaduto sul Padre Fra Riccardo Hayes, cre liamo opportuno di esporre la cosa nel suo genuino aspetto.

Dopo partiti da Roma i Vescovi Irlandesi continuò egli a rimanervi. Egli non aveva mai cessata di tenere una riprovevole condotta, tanto morale che politica. Era stato più volte avvertito, ed anche rimproverato dal Signor Cardinal Prefetto della Propaganda; ma dopo la partenza dei sopradetti Vescovi, ruppe ogni freno, e provocò la longanimità del Governo Pontificio a segno che lo stesso Governo Inglese ebbe a maravigliarsi della eccessiva bontà usata verso di lui.

Tutti gli articoli contro il Governo Pontificio pieni di livore, e delle più indegne calunnie, che si videro varie volte comparire nei giornali di Dublino erano opera del Padre Hayes, il quale a bella posta li spediva da Roma, perchè fossero pubblicati, ed a questo aggiungeva anche l'insolenza di vantarsene per autore.

Lungi dal condurre una vita da religioso, egli non ne portava che raramente l'abito, e si vedeva tutte le sere con pubblico scandalo per i caffè di Roma in abito secolare, e pantaloni, dove si permetteva dei continui discorsi contro il Governo, censurandone le operazioni, e spargendo quelle stesse calunnie, delle quali faceva riempire i fogli Irlandesi. A questa maniera di condursi aggiungeva una grande dissolutezza, frequentando le case delle donne di partito, ed introducendole perfino nel convento di S. Isidoro, ove non sempre passava le notti.

Stanco il Governo di soffrire più lungamente una persona cotanto indegna, e vedendo inutile ogni ammonizione, venne finalmente nella determinazione la più mite che potesse prendere a di lui riguardo, e gli fece civilmente intimare la partenza dagli Stati Pontifici. Il Padre Hayes, in vece di obbedire, com'era suo dovere, all'ordine ricevuto, proruppe nelle più audaci ed insultanti proteste, e temendo che il Governo lo forzasse a partire, barricò come una fortezza il convento di S. Isidoro, ove, con grave scandalo, di tutti impedì perfino che si aprisse la chiesa nel giorno solenne di Pentecoste, e che i suoi compagni religiosi vi si recassero a celebrare la messa; di modo che il suo Superiore medesimo non potè dispensarsi dal farne il più pressante ricorso al Signor Cardinal Litta, pregandolo di liberare quella comunità dalle vessazioni del Padre Riccardo, il quale a viva forza impadronitosi di tutte le chiavi del convento, non voleva rilasciarle.

In vece di fare atterrare le porte, come si sarebbe fatto in qualunque altro paese, ed estrarne a viva forza un uomo reo di tante colpe, prendendone la dovuta soddisfazione, il Governo Pontificio giunse all'ultimo grado di sofferenza, aspettando più giorni, e facendo insinuare al Padre Riccardo, che non provocasse maggiormente contro di se la giusta indignazione del Governo: ma finalmente riuscito inutile ogni tentativo, ed essendo troppo manifestamente compromessa la dignità del Governo, la Polizia s'introdusse destramente nel convento per quella porta segreta, per la quale il Padre Riccardo era solito d'introdurre una donna di cattiva vita.

Trovato infermo da qualche giorno, gli concesse circa 20 giorni di tempo, finchè si fosse pienamente ristabilito, ed alla fine essendosi protestato di nuovo di non voler partire che con la forza, fu fatto accompagnare al confine Toscano, in una buona carrozza, da un ufficiale dei Carabinieri Pontifici. Giunto alle frontiere, egli rilasciò all'

ufficiale un' attestato di essere stato durante il viaggio convenientemente portato, e sene andò a Firenze, donde poi, dopo una qualche dimora, proseguì il suo viaggio per l'Irlanda.

Roma, Maggio 10, 1818.

TRANSLATION.

In order to remove any misconception of what occurred here, in relation to the Friar Richard Hayes, it is thought proper to make the following statement of facts:—

After the departure of the Irish bishops, he remained here, pursuing a very blameable course of life, as well in a moral as a political view. Even during the stay of the Bishops, it had frequently become necessary that he should be admonished and even censured, by the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda; but when they were gone, he broke through all bounds, vilifying the Pontifical government in such a manner that even the English court was surprized at the excessive moderation manifested in his regard.

All the articles against the Pontifical government, (filled, as they were, with malice and the basest calumny,) that appeared in the Dublin papers, were the compositions of Friar Hayes, and sent, by the post, from Rome, for publication, and were insolently boasted of by him as such.

Far from leading the life suitable to his religious profession, he seldom appeared in the habit of his order; but, to the great scandal of the public, was to be seen, every evening, in the coffee-houses of Rome, in a secular dress, pantalons, &c. holding discourses hostile to the government, censuring its measures, and spreading the same calumnies with which he had filled the Irish papers. To this kind of conduct he added the most dissolute manners, frequenting the houses of public prostitution, and introducing prostitutes into the convent of St. Isidoro, where, however, he did not always pass his nights.

The Government, wearied out, at length, by his unworthy demeanour, and seeing all admonition useless, came to a determination, (the mildest that could be taken in his case,) civilly to desire that he would quit the Pontifical States. Father Hayes, instead of obeying, as he was bound, the order he thus received, resorted to audacious and insulting protests: and, fearing the Government would now force him away, barricaded himself in, in the convent of Santo Isidoro, where, to the great scandal of all, he prevented the church from being opened upon the solemn festival of Pentecost, so that the brethren of the

order could not celebrate the mass. Upon this, the Superior found himself compelled to apply to the Cardinal Litta, to deliver the community from the vexations of the said Friar Hayes, who, having, by force, obtained the keys of the convent, refused to deliver them up.

Instead of breaking open the door, as in any other country would have been done, and taking out by force a man so criminal, in order to his just correction, the Pontifical government, with unexampled patience, confined itself to warning the said Friar not to push matters to further extremity, and then waited a few days for the result. Finally, every gentle effort having been made in vain, and the dignity of the Government already involved, the police-officers dexterously found means to get into the convent, by means of a secret door, through which the Friar was accustomed to introduce a woman of abandoned life.

Friar Hayes being at this time unwell, he was allowed sufficient time for his perfect recovery; after which, having first once more protested, that nothing but force should remove him, he was placed in a comfortable carriage, and carried, with an escort of pontifical carabineers, to the frontiers of Tuscany, and there made to deliver to the officers of the escort a certificate of his good treatment during the journey. Being now set at liberty, he pursued his way to Florence, and thence to Ireland.

Rome, May 10, 1818.

LETTERS FROM NORTH WALES.

LETTER V.

To C. W. Esq.

Dolgelly, 12th Sept. 1817.

DEAR W.—Mr. P., who departs for London to-morrow, has obligingly offered to convey for me a packet thither; I, therefore, gladly seize the opportunity of giving you a detail of my excursion to Harlech. On the 2nd ult. the family, whom I mentioned as having lately arrived here, politely invited me to join their party to Harlech on the following day, where they intended remaining a day or two, to view the scenery in the neighbourhood. I joyfully accepted their invitation; and, purposing to take the waterfalls *en route*, we set off at an early hour on the 3d.

Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. S—, their two sons, and myself, with Peter, and a guide; all mounted on stout Welsh ponies, and forming, as you may conceive, a tolerable cavalcade. The night had been wet and stormy, but the morning was delightful; the rain had left a refreshing coolness in the air, and all nature seemed rejoicing:—

"Every copse
Deep tangled, but irregular; and bush
Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
Of the coy choristers that lodged within,
Was prodigal of harmony."

The large drops, suspended from the foliage of the trees, sparkled brilliantly in the beams of the sun, which, as we left the town, were just appearing above the ridge of hills that form its eastern boundary. We soon arrived at the falls, with which my fellow-travellers were highly gratified; and, leaving them, we continued our journey through a country rich in all the variety of the picturesque and romantic. Here was rustic simplicity, graceful, animated, and alluring: there the wildly beautiful, the rudely bold, the tremendous, the sublime! And although the deep woods, which separated us from the cataracts, precluded a view of them, their roar swelled upon the gale, and reached the ear in one continued peal of distant thunder. About a mile from our journey's end, we ascended a steep hill, whence we enjoyed a most charming prospect. The little town of Harlech, with the ruins of its castle, lay immediately before us, and on the left, the beautiful bay of Cardigan, enlivened by vessels lightly floating on its surface, constituted the most pleasing feature in the landscape. Behind us were the woods we had passed through, with here and there a "shrubless crag," issuing above the trees, and the little river Cain, in some parts visible, struggling along its rocky bed, to join the Mowddach: the extreme distance was bounded by a chain of blue hills, stretching far to the eastward. Descending the southern side of the hill, we arrived at Harlech, a distance of twenty miles, after a delightful ride of six hours.

This town was once the capital of Merionethshire, and a place of no mean consequence in the commercial way; but it has now ceded its importance to Dolgelly, and is dwindled into an insignificant village, containing scarcely five hundred inhabitants. The only object it at present possesses, worthy the attention of the traveller, is, the ruins of its venerable castle, situated on a rock projecting into the sea; and, as a slight sketch of the history of this once famous castle will not, I know, be uninteresting to you, I readily subjoin it. It was a quadrangular building, strengthened at each corner by large round towers, surmounted by elegant smaller ones. The entrance, (on each side of which was a tower resembling those at the corners,) was defended by a circular bastion and three portcullises. It was anciently called *Twr Bronwen*, from a princess named Bronwen, (or the *White-necked*), the sister of Bren ap Ilyr, Duke of Cornwall, and afterwards king of Britain. In the eleventh century it was called *Caer Collwyn*, (or *Collwyn's Fort*), from Collwyn ap Tango, Lord of Eflonedd and Ardwwy, and one of the "fifteen tribes of North Wales," who repaired the ancient structure, and resided in it for some time. Its present name of Harlech is supposed to be derived from the British words "hardd," (*beau-*

tiful), and "lech," (*a cliff*). Some of the Welsh historians affirm, that it was originally built by Maelgwyn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, about the year three hundred and fifty; and it is generally believed that Edward the First erected the present building on the site of the old one. Of all the castles in Wales, this, I think, is the most advantageously situated: in the words of Walter Scott:—

"On a projecting rock it rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows;
The fourth did battled walls inclose,
And double mound and fosse."

Commanding one of the principal entrances into Merionethshire, its possession was an object of the highest importance to the invaders; hence it has seen more *service* than, perhaps, any other fortress in the principality. In 1404 it was besieged by Owen Glendwr, and retaken four years afterwards by an army which Henry the Fourth of England had sent into Wales against that rebellious chieftain. In 1468, nine years after Edward the Fourth's accession to the English crown, it was besieged by an army, marched into the principality for that purpose, under the command of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke*, who committed the siege to his brother, the brave Sir Richard Herbert. Its defender, Dafydd ap Evan ap Einion, (a staunch friend of the house of Lancaster,) being summoned to surrender, boldly answered:—"Some years ago, I held out a castle so long in France, against its besiegers, that all the old women in Wales talked of me; inform your commander, that I will defend this Welsh castle till all the old women in France shall hear of it†."

* This Earl of Pembroke, the year following, was defeated at Banbury, by the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence; and, after being beheaded by them, was buried at Tintern Abbey, in Monmouthshire. Sir John Wynne, in his history of the Gwedir family, quotes the following British lines, on the ravages that were committed by him in the counties of Merioneth and Denbigh:—

"Hardlech a Dinbech pob dor
Yn Cunnaf,
Nanconway yn farwor;
Mil a phedwaicant mac Jor,
A thrugain ag wyth rhagor."

† At Harlech and Denbigh every house was in flames, and Nanconway in cinders, one thousand and four hundred from our Lord, and sixty and eight more: that is, A. D. 1468.

† Pennant gives the names of the valiant defenders of this fortress, under Dafydd ap Evan, ap Einion, which he quotes from Camden; they are as follows:—

Dafydd ap Jevan [or Evan] ap Einion.
Gruffydd Vychan ap Jevan ap Einion.
Siankyn ap Jorwerth ap Einion.
Gruffydd ap Jevan ap Einion.
Thomas ap Jevan ap Einion.
John Hammer

Dafydd ap Jevan ap Owen o Bowis.
Rhinalt ap Gruffydd ap Bleddyn, of Tower, near Mold.

Maaris ap Dafydd ap Jeffre.
Dafydd ap Einion ap Jevan Rymus.
Howel ap Morgan ap Jorth Goch.
Edmyfed ap Morgan.
Thomas ap Morgan.
John Tudor, Clerk.
Gruffydd ap Jevan ap Jorwerth, Senior.

Dafydd, however, was compelled, by famine, to yield, but on honourable terms; and Sir Richard engaged to save his life, by interceding with the king, in which, after some hesitation on the part of his majesty, he succeeded. In 1460, it afforded an asylum to Margaret of Anjou, the heroic consort of Henry the Sixth, after the unfortunate battle of Northampton. She first fled to Coventry, and then to Harlech, whence she escaped into Scotland; and, assembling her friends in the north, she marched to Wakefield, where she gave battle to her great enemy the Duke of York, and completely routed his army. The last tempestuous scene it witnessed was in 1647, when Mr. Wm. Owen, the governor, with his garrison of twenty-eight men, surrendered to the republican forces under General Mytton; but not before every other castle in Wales had deserted the royal cause. "It had the honour," says Pennant, "of surrendering on articles, and of being the last fortress in North Wales that held out for the king. It is also said to have been the last castle in England [qu. *Britain*?] which held out for the House of Lancaster."

The first constable was appointed in 1283, by Edward the First, with a salary of one hundred pounds per annum; this, however, was considerably reduced; for, a few years after, the same person had only fifty pounds for the double office of constable of the castle and captain of the town; and when he had not the captainship of the town, he received but twenty-six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. Even so lately as 1602, the salary was only fifty pounds per annum*.

The ruins consist of merely the shell, and present an object wildly desolate; the obtrusive weeds which fill the courtyard,—the ivy which covers the fast-decaying walls,—create a scene at once

* "Near this place," [Harlech] says Pennant, "was found the celebrated piece of antiquity, on which the learned have thought fit to bestow the name of *Torques*. It is well described in *Camden*, as a wreathed rod of gold, about four feet long, with three spiral ferrets, with sharp intervening ridges running its whole length to the ends, which are plain, truncated, and turn back like pot hooks. Whether this was purely *Roman*, or whether it might not have been common to both nations, I will not dispute. The use was that of a baldric, to suspend gracefully the quiver of men of rank, which hung behind by means of the hook, and the golden wreath crossed the breast, and passed over the shoulder. Virgil, in his beautiful description of the exercises of the Trojan youth, expresses the manner, in these frequently misconstrued lines:—

"Cornea bina ferunt præfixo hastilia ferro:
Pars læves humero pharetras; et pectore
summo
Flexilis obtorti per collum circulus auri"
Æneid, b. 5. v. 557.

"Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear:
Some on their backs their burnish'd quivers
bore,
Hanging from wreaths of gold which shone before."

pleasing and melancholy; and, looking back to the days of old, when

"Begirt with many a baron bold," it echoed to the shout of mirth and revelry, we gloomily reflect upon the omnipotence of time, and the instability of all sublunary things.

I shall reserve the description of the "Vale of Festiniog," (which we visited the day after our arrival at Harlech,) to a future opportunity, as I have already, I fear, trespassed too much upon your time and patience. Adieu!

Your's &c.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF THE LATE MRS. BILLINGTON.

It has often been a subject of dispute, whether England is a musical nation or not; without entering into any discussion of this question, we think that a nation, in which the opera is the most flourishing of its theatres, and that lavishes the most extravagant terms on foreign artists; a nation that has produced, and continues to produce, several distinguished musical composers, and that, amongst its singers, could, at one period, boast of a Billington, a Dickens, a Stephens, and a Braham, may, without the imputation of vanity, lay some claim to be ranked as a musical nation. The first of this list, and the best singer that England ever produced, has recently passed off the stage of life, and although it is many years since she quitted her profession, yet the recollection of her talents must be sufficiently strong, to render some account of her acceptable to our readers.

Mrs. Billington was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Weichsell, at one time so well known to the musical world, and was born in London, in the year 1769: her father was of a noble family in Germany, but not enjoying a fortune adequate to the support of his title and dignity, he resorted to the study of music as a profession, and soon became a very respectable performer on several instruments. Mrs. Weichsell, was a vocal performer of considerable merit; she studied under the celebrated John Christian Bach, and was his most favourite pupil. In the various concerts at which that excellent master presided, and at Vauxhall, where for several years, she held the rank of *first singer*, her talents were highly esteemed by the first amateurs of the country. At Vauxhall, she gave many beautiful songs, which Bach had composed expressly for her, with great taste and expression, particularly the much admired rondo "In this shady blest retreat." Her style was elegant and florid, and her voice extensive and melodious.

There is, perhaps, no science for which nature so early discovers its bias, as that of music; of this truth Miss Weichsell was a striking instance, for she evinced uncommon indications of musical genius in her infant years. These early symptoms were hailed with transport by her father, who immediately commenced the cultivation

of her growing talents, and afforded her every possible encouragement both by his own instruction and that of the ablest masters. Her first efforts were directed to the *piano forte*, which, indeed, may be considered as the play-thing of her infancy. On this instrument she made such a rapid and extraordinary progress, that when she was only seven years old, she performed a concerto at the little theatre in the Haymarket; and when she had scarcely reached her eleventh year, she appeared in the double character of composer and performer by playing to a delighted audience a production of her own.

Among her several masters on the *piano forte*, was the justly celebrated Schroeter, who, being fully sensible of the natural talents of his pupil, spared no pains in their cultivation. Some years afterwards she had for a musical preceptor, Mr. James Billington, a respectable musician who belonged to the orchestra of Drury Lane Theatre. She had not been long under the tuition of this gentleman, when a mutual affection took place, which led to a clandestine marriage; an event which greatly disappointed the hopes of her parents, who had in view for their accomplished daughter, a more elevated settlement in life. Her voice, which did not at first greatly strike by the excellence of its tone, had by this time improved so much, that it had procured her general approbation, and she was considered as an invaluable acquisition to the stage.

Immediately after her marriage, Mrs. Billington set out for Ireland, where she was eagerly engaged by the proprietors of the Dublin Theatre. It was on these boards that she first gave public proofs of that vocal pre-eminence which those who had heard her in private concerts had confidently anticipated. Her fame extended with her efforts, and the English public became so anxious to hear her, that the managers of Covent Garden Theatre invited her back to London, with the offer of an engagement on the most liberal terms: in the winter of 1786, she made her *debut* at that house, in the favourite opera of *Love in a Village*, which was purposely commanded by their majesties: the house was crowded, and her reception stamped her reputation as a first rate vocal performer.

In the following year, Mrs. Billington visited Paris, in order to avail herself of the instructions of the great Italian composer, Sacchini, then in the zenith of his fame. Under so able a master, Mrs. B. made the most rapid progress; she quickly caught from him much of that pointed expression, neatness of execution, and nameless grace, by which her performances were so happily distinguished. Of this excellent composer she was the last and most shining pupil, and a striking evidence of his genius and exquisitely cultivated taste. She soon afterwards returned to her native country, and performed for several successive seasons at Covent Garden Theatre.

Anxious for still further improvement, Mrs. Billington again quitted England for

Italy, in the year 1794, and displayed her unrivalled powers with such success, as to receive the homage of taste and sensibility wherever she was heard; Milan, Naples, Venice, Leghorn, Padua, Genoa, Florence, and Trieste, heard and "confessed the wonders of her skill."

At Naples, Mr. Billington, who accompanied her on her travels, died very suddenly: after eating a hearty dinner, he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and almost immediately expired. In this city, Mrs. B. received the most flattering attention from every one; particularly from Sir William Hamilton and his lady, who, proud of a singer of their own country, who was allowed to eclipse all competitors, even in the very realms of the god of harmony, procured her the warmest patronage of the King and Queen of Naples, from whom she received magnificent proofs of their taste and generosity; as she did from several of the British nobility then at Naples.

In the year 1797, Mrs. Billington married a M. Felessent, or Florissant, a commissary in the French army, which situation he almost immediately resigned, and retired to an estate in the vicinity of Venice, purchased by his wife, whilst she returned to England to exert her improved professional talents. By this journey to Italy, Mrs. B. had realized a very considerable property, twenty thousand sequins of which she deposited in the Bank of Venice. On the entrance of the French into Venice, this property fell into their hands.

Her first appearance, on her return to England, was at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 3d of October 1801, in that most happy combination of the Italian and English schools, the serious opera of *Artaxerxes*, in which it has been very justly said, that Dr. Arne "has united the beautiful melody of Hesse, the mellifluous richness of Pergolese, the easy flow of Picini, and the finished *cantabile* of Sacchini, with his own pure and native simplicity."

On the rising of the curtain, Mrs. B. was welcomed with that warmth which bespoke the high expectations of the audience, nor were they disappointed. Many of our readers no doubt recollect, with pleasure, the delightful treat, and, therefore, it may be unnecessary to dwell on it; we cannot, however, omit noticing the duet with Mr. Incledon, of "Fair Aurora;" and those beautiful airs of "Adieu thou Lovely Youth," and "If e'er the cruel Tyrant Love." But more particularly "The Soldier tir'd of War's Alarms;" it was in this, her favourite air, that she displayed the triumph of her art, and far exceeded the once celebrated Miss Brent, (afterwards Mrs. Pinto,) whose performance of this song was so excellent. With fewer liberties than first-rate performers generally take with songs of this description, Mrs. Billington gave it a force and novelty of effect which perfectly enraptured her auditors. She now played alternately at Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres.

From this period to that of her retirement from the stage, in 1808, nothing could exceed the brilliant success with which she was honoured, or the liberality with which her talents were remunerated. In one season, the winter of 1801-2, the profits of her various engagements exceeded ten thousand pounds, and subsequent ones were not less productive.

About twelve months ago, M. Felessent, who had abandoned his wife for more than sixteen years, and to whom she had allowed an ample provision, came to this country and declared he could no longer live without her!; and, notwithstanding the anxiety with which her numerous friends implored her not to leave this country, yet, as her husband demanded her, she declared she thought it her duty to comply. She, therefore, returned with her husband to St. Artien, near Venice, where, after living together for a few months, she was taken ill on the 18th of August last, and expired on the 25th of the same month, having, it is said, made over the whole of her property to her husband.

We are well aware that Mrs. Billington's conduct in private life has been very freely censured; and some of the most offensive and scurrilous publications that ever issued from the press have been written to defame her character; but into whatever human errors she might have fallen, she possessed an excellent heart, and a truly benevolent disposition. Unprotected talents and unfriended distress were sure of all the assistance which she could afford them; and her benevolence was wholly without ostentation. Hospitality was another prominent feature in her character, and her friends were among the most respectable persons in this country. She has left no family of her own, but was particularly attached to children, and actually adopted a little girl, whom she took under her protection at nine years of age, and afterwards placed in a convent at Brussels.

Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a fine picture of Mrs. Billington, as St. Cecilia, intended as a companion to that of Mrs. Siddons in the Tragic Muse,—a chorus of angels, singing with her, are wonderfully animated and beautiful: a very faithful and spirited representation of the original (which is in the possession of M. Bryan, Esq.) has been engraved in mezzotinto by Mr. Ward.

THE HIGH PRICE OF BOOKS.

THIS subject, so interesting to the friends of literature, has recently been much discussed in a respectable morning paper. The question at issue seems to be twofold; first, whether the present high price of books is attributable to the author or to the bookseller, and secondly, whether an existing statute has not provided a remedy. In regard to the first, it is contended by one party that the excess of price rests solely with the author, who fixes an arbitrary value upon his production, and that the publishing bookseller requires only that price which will remun-

nerate him for the original expenditure in purchasing the copyright and sending it forth to the world, together with a reasonable profit, consistent with the risk and uncertainty of sale, both in point of time and extent.

In answer to this, a correspondent, who subscribes himself a "Lover of Books," makes the following judicious observations:

"I should be glad to know," says the writer, "how long it is since these patrons of learning have been so generous as to allow an author to 'fix an arbitrary value' upon his production? Did this liberality commence when Milton offered his *Paradise Lost* for sale? The bookseller gave him *five pounds*! No; the excessive price of books does not rest on the sum which the bookseller pays to the author. I know there are three or four individuals of the present day who have obtained large sums for the copyright of their works; but, generally speaking, an author does not get the value which he 'fixes' upon his production, but the sum which the bookseller chooses to give him. You remember, no doubt, the eloquent speech of Lord Camden, in the House of Lords, on the question of literary property. That venerable Judge, after having affirmed, that the statute of Queen Anne took away any right at common law for an author's multiplying copies exclusively for ever, if such right ever existed, expressed himself in these words:—'It was not for gain that Bacon, Newton, Milton, Locke, instructed and delighted the world; it would be unworthy such men to traffic with a bookseller for so much a sheet of a letter-press. When the bookseller offered Milton 5l. for his "*Paradise Lost*," he did not reject it, and commit his poem to the flames, nor did he accept the miserable pittance as the reward of his labour; he knew that the real price of his work was immortality, and that posterity would pay it. Some authors are as careless about profit, as others are rapacious of it; and what a situation would the public be in with regard to literature, if there were no means of compelling a second impression of a useful work to be put forth, or wait till a wife or children are to be provided for by the sale of an edition? All our learning will be locked up in the hands of the Tonsons and the Lintots of the age, who will set what price upon it their avarice chooses to demand, till the public become as much their slaves, as their own hackney compilers are. Instead of salesmen, the booksellers of late years have forestalled the market, and become engrossers. If, therefore, the monopoly is sanctified by your lordships' judgment, exorbitant price must be the consequence; for every valuable author will be as much monopolized by them as Shakespeare is at present, whose works, which he left carelessly behind him in town, when he retired from it, were surely given to the public, if ever author's were; but two prompters or players behind the scenes laid hold of them, and the present proprietors pretend to derive that copy from them, *for which the author himself never received a far-*

thing.' These last words deserve particular notice, because, it is well known, that not only *new* publications, but all *reprints* of old ones, are exorbitantly dear; and, therefore, the assertion, that the excessive price of books rests solely with the author, falls to the ground. I believe, that the excessive price is occasioned by the avarice of some persons in the trade; and unless something be done to restrain it, 'What a situation,' as Lord Camden asks, 'will the public be in with regard to literature?' If he who 'hid his talent' was severely punished, will he escape punishment who neglects to cultivate it? But how can a man enlighten his mind and improve his faculties, while others monopolize the sources from which knowledge is acquired. Look at the way in which books are printed: look at the *fine paper*, the *large margins*, and the *wideness of the print*: these, we know, answer the object of the bookseller, but they impede the progress of learning."

The books most particularly alluded to, and which have provoked this discussion, are, the "*New Tales of my Landlord*" and "*Bright's Travels in Hungary*," both of which are certainly published at very exorbitant prices. The latter, which only consists of two hundred and ninety pages of twenty-five lines, and some wretched plates in aquatinta, is published at 2l. 10s. Nothing, we are persuaded, can be more prejudicial to the interests of literature than the high price of books, and we feel some pleasure in having set the example of publishing a literary miscellany at the very lowest price at which it could possibly be afforded.

The next question is as to the remedy which the law has already provided, in an Act passed in the reign of Henry VIII. The first legislative enactment that was made for the encouragement of learning, was in the reign of Richard III, and exempted books from the restrictions that it put on the importers of every other species of merchandize, printing at this time being unknown in England. King Henry VI, at his own expense, brought over several printers and their presses into this country, and from that time the art of printing began to be practised here. In the year 1553, it was so well understood, that Henry VIII deemed it expedient to repeal the act of Richard; and accordingly the 25 Henry VIII, c. 15, was passed, which, whilst it protected the native printers, prevented them from imposing on the rest of his subjects. This Act was entitled "An Act for Printers and Binders of Books:" the fourth and last section is as follows:—

"Provided always, and be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, That if any of the said printers or sellers of printed books, inhabiting within this realm, at any time hereafter happen in such wise to inlance or increase the prices of any such printed books, in sale or binding, at too high and unreasonable prices, in such wise as complaint be made thereof unto the King's Highness, or unto the Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, or any of the chief Jus-

tices of the one Bench or of the other; that then the same Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, and two Chief Justices, or two of any of them, shall have power and authority to enquire thereof, as well by the oaths of twelve honest and discreet persons as otherwise by due examination by their discretions. And after the same enhancing and increasing of the said prices of the said books and binding shall be so found by the said twelve men, or otherwise by examination of the said Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, and Justices, or two of them; and then the same Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, and Justices at the least, from time to time, shall have power and authority to reform and redress such enhancing of the prices of printed books from time to time by their discretions, and to limit prices as well of the books as for the binding of them; and over that the offender or offenders thereof being convict by the examination of the same Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, and Justices, or two of them, or otherwise, shall lose and forfeit for every book by them sold, whereof the price shall be enhanced for the book or binding thereof, three shillings four-pence; the one half thereof shall be to the King's Highness and the other half to the parties grieved that will complain upon the same in manner and form before rehearsed*."

A similar Act was passed in the 8 Anne, cap. 19, § 4, but enforcing a penalty of five pounds for every book sold by the printer or bookseller at a higher price than the Justices, &c. should fix it. This latter Act was repealed by the 12 George II, cap. 36, § 3; but that of Henry VIII, above quoted, remains in force, for it would be ridiculous to contend that the Act of Anne, enacting a higher penalty, has virtually repealed that of Henry, which it never mentions, and it has never been repealed by any express law.

If any doubt existed on this subject, we think Ruffhead would decide it: those gentlemen who are acquainted with his works well know that such Acts as have been repealed are invariably so noticed in the margin: such a note is offered to the Act of Anne and a reference to the statute which repealed it, but not so of that of Henry VIII, which still remains the law of the land.

Although it is certain that the high price of books is a serious evil, and equally certain that a law exists which provides a remedy, yet we are by no means anxious for legislative interference to fix the price of any thing, nor can we see any reason why the assize which has been taken off the bread should be fixed on books. We therefore hope, that the discussion which has already taken place on this subject, will have the effect of remedying the evil, in some degree at least.

ANECDOTES OF JOHN WILKES.

WILKES was really a sad dog, but most delightfully amusing, facetious,

* Ruffhead's Collection of Statutes.

witty, well-informed, and with much various, though not profound learning.

He was sometimes so intolerably sarcastic, and more particularly at the expense of his friends in the city, that the wonder is how he could continue so long in their good graces. He never put any restraint upon himself, when in company on the other side of Temple Bar, but indulged in all the satire of his wit, at the citizen's expense.

When confined in the King's Bench, he was waited upon by a deputation from some ward in the city, where the office of alderman was vacant; and, as there had been already a great fermentation on his account, and much more was apprehended, they who were deputed, undertook to remonstrate with Wilkes on the danger to the public peace, which would result from his offering himself as a candidate on the present occasion, and expressed the hope, that he would at least wait till some more suitable opportunity presented itself. But they mistook their man; this was with him an additional motive for persevering in his first intentions. After much useless conversation, one of the deputies at last exclaimed, "Well, Mr. Wilkes, if you are thus determined, we must take the sense of the ward."—"With all my heart," replied Wilkes; "I will take the nonsense, and beat you ten to one."

Upon another occasion, Wilkes attended a city dinner, not long after his promotion to civic honours. Among the guests was a noisy, vulgar deputy, a great glutton, who, on his entering the dinner-room, always, with great deliberation, took off his wig, suspended it on a pin, and with due solemnity, put on a white cotton night-cap. Wilkes, who certainly was a high bred man, and never accustomed to similar exhibitions, could not take his eyes from so strange and novel a picture. At length, the deputy, with unblushing familiarity, walked up to Wilkes, and asked him, whether he did not think that his night-cap became him? "Oh! yes, sir," replied Wilkes; "but it would look much better if it was pulled quite over your face."

Wilkes never would spare Boswell, nor conceal, before him, his prejudices against the Scottish nation. He seemed to seize with particular avidity every opportunity to play upon Boswell, when any thing relating to Scotland was introduced. "You must acknowledge, my friend Wilkes," observed Boswell one day, "that the approach to Edinburgh, from the London road, presents a very picturesque and interesting picture." "Why, so perhaps it may,"

returned Wilkes; "but when I was there, the wind was in my face, and brought with it such a confounded stink, that I was obliged to keep my handkerchief to my nose, the whole way, and could see nothing of the prospect."

In the riots of the year 1780, which at the same time endangered and disgraced the metropolis, Wilkes was lamenting the ungovernable violence of a London mob; upon this some brother citizens took him up shortly, and reminded him of the disturbances of which he had formerly been the occasion. "Sir," replied Wilkes, "I never was a Wilkite."

He was not apt, outwardly, to express any thing like chagrin or mortification; but he certainly took his disappointment at Brentford, the last time he offered himself as candidate for Middlesex, very much to heart. "I would much have liked," he would say, "to have died in my geers." Upon a similar occasion, he exclaimed, "I can only compare myself to an exhausted volcano."

Among other peculiarities and contradictions which marked Wilkes's character, was a passion he had for collecting bibles, of which he had certainly obtained a great number of curious editions. But he was nevertheless, consistent in his profligacy, and whenever the subjects of religion or of scripture was introduced, treated both with the keenest ridicule.

Sayings ascribed to Wilkes or to Jekyll.

Q. Where, observed a Roman Catholic, in a warm dispute with a Protestant; where was your religion, before Luther?

Q. Did you wash your face this morning?

A. Yes.

Q. Where was your face before it was washed?

I wish you at the devil, said somebody to Wilkes.

I don't wish you there.

Why?

Because I never wish to meet you again.

Where the devil do you come from? said Wilkes to a beggar, in the Isle of Wight.

From the devil.

What is going on there?

Much the same as here.

What's that?

The rich taken in, and the poor kept out.

At a dinner, where great satisfaction was expressed, it was facetiously proposed, that the president should go into the kitchen, and kiss the cook.

"That," observed —, "would be a salute at Spithead*."

CASH PAYMENTS AT THE BANK, AND THE SUPPOSED PROSPECTS OF PUBLIC DISTRESS.

THE Revenue, from the 5th July to the 10th October, 1818, has been ascertained to exceed that of the corresponding period of the year 1817, by a sum not less than 1,700,000*l.* in the Consolidated Fund; and though the produce of the Irish Revenue is not yet known beyond the 19th of September, it had already, on that day, improved above 150,000*l.* since the 5th of July. In both parts of the kingdom, the principal improvement has taken place in the great branches of the Customs and Excise, which best prove the increasing consumption and comfort of the great bulk of the people. The increase amounts, upon these two branches of the revenue, to 1,500,000*l.*

But, notwithstanding these facts, the stocks decline, and are expected to decline still further; and the cause is attributed to a source which commands the deepest attention of the public; namely, the expected resumption of Cash Payments at the Bank of England. That establishment is stated to be preparing, and to have been long preparing for the change. It is said, that within the last twelve months, it has diminished its issue of notes very considerably. "The number of notes in circulation, at this time last year, amounted to thirty million pounds, but they do not exceed at present more than between twenty-four and twenty-five million. This circumstance alone, it is said, is a sufficient explanation for the scarcity of money, which has continued, not, as formerly, for a day or a week only, but for months together. This, independently of foreign loans or political causes, is enough to distress the funds, by taking a great quantity of money out of circulation, thereby rendering it much in demand, and, as a natural consequence, producing an abundance of stock. The bankers are said to have sent circulars to the country bankers, informing them that the amount of their discount must be limited, as the Bank of England had restricted the London bankers; consequently the same accommodation could not be afforded as formerly."

It seems reasonable to suppose that the individuals who apprehend evil consequences from the resumption of Cash Payments are both few in number, and not of the class actually engaged in business, or we should surely have heard, by this time, of public meetings to deprecate the measure. On the merits of the question we are slow to offer an opinion; but

* Sexagenarian.

certain it is that many persons now teach, that the great public distresses of the years 1816 and 1817 were not so much owing to the stagnation of employment at the Peace, as to the prospect then entertained of the resumption of Cash Payments, and to the necessary steps taken by the Bank, in order to fulfil its engagements with the public. Sir John Sinclair is among those who anticipate the most alarming consequences from Cash Payments, and the same gentleman anticipates the greatest benefits from a continued suspension, *accompanied by a systematic participation by the public in the profits of the Bank.* From Sir John's pamphlet, which is now reprinted in the twenty-fourth number of the Pamphleteer, we make the subjoined extracts:—

"The three greatest political discoveries, in modern times, are these:—

"1. That coin is nothing but *circulating capital*, and that when *real property, or capital*, can be circulated through the medium of *paper*, though not convertible into specie, it answers every purpose of coin, while the expense of purchasing the precious metals from foreign countries is thereby saved*. It is essential, however, that the paper thus circulated should represent *real, and not fictitious property*;—that it should be kept within due bounds:—and that it should be receivable in the payment of taxes, and all other legal obligations.

"2. That it is incumbent on the government of every country to furnish its subjects *with employment*, so as to enable them to procure food and other articles necessary for their comfortable subsistence. Fortunately, that duty can easily be fulfilled, for it requires nothing, on the part of government, *but to promote abundant circulation.* When a circulating medium abounds, more especially if it consists of paper, (which is not so likely to be hoarded up as coin,) *it will be employed*, and in the course of its circulation it will furnish the means of subsistence to every individual.

"3. That it ought to be a principal object with every government, to provide the *country districts* with an abundant circulation, through the medium of country bankers, established on a footing of security. It is by the means of a *country circulation* alone, that improvements in agriculture can be carried on with spirit: that the produce of the soil, the real basis of national wealth and industry, can be increased; and that the farmer, the first link in the chain of national circulation, can be provided with a circulating medium, which, through him, will soon pervade all the other classes of the community.

"By the system developed in these Maxims, Great Britain reached that pin-

* The advantage of a paper over a coin circulation, may be thus shortly stated. Gold and silver represent property actually sent abroad, and in the possession of foreign nations; whereas paper money, when issued on proper principles, represents property at home and in our possession.—*History of the Revenue*, vol. ii. p. 237.

nacle of power and prosperity, which she attained during the late war; and the more strictly she shall adhere to the principles therein laid down, the more likely she is *AT HOME* to be happy and prosperous, and *ABROAD* to be great and powerful."

"There never was a period, when Great Britain possessed so favourable an opportunity of reaching an unparalleled degree of internal prosperity, as at the present moment. After suffering the severest distresses, she begins again to breathe, and to indulge the hopes of a happier æra. But that æra must be looked for in vain, unless she shall persevere in that system of circulation, under which she so eminently flourished, and by which alone she was enabled to extricate herself from difficulties, which otherwise she could not have surmounted.

"It is not proposed in this work to discuss the question, whether cash payments at the bank should or should not *EVER* be resumed. That would be entering into a wide field, not necessary now to dwell on. It is sufficient to remark, that the system of exclusive paper circulation has been productive of infinite public advantages, without being attended with any inconvenience whatever. The hazardous consequences which may result from changing a system thus sanctioned by the successful experience of twenty years, must be obvious. Indeed, if an attempt to alter the system were made, there is too much reason to apprehend that the Italian proverb would be found applicable to our fate—'i was well;—would be better;—took physic; here I am*.'

"Before that fatal step shall be finally resolved upon, it is earnestly requested that the following points be duly considered by those to whom the complicated interests of this great country are intrusted.

"1. Whether it is practicable to resume payments in cash, in July next, 1818?

"2. Whether such a resumption be consistent with the principles of justice?

"3. If a resumption be desirable, at what period can payments in cash be resumed with safety? and,

"4. What ought to be done in the interim, with the profits arising from the issue of bank notes beyond the amount of the bank circulation, when its paper is convertible into coin?"

Sir John thus concludes:—

"The late Earl of Stanhope certainly entertained very just and enlightened views on the subject of gold and paper circulation. He stated in the House of Lords, "that to believe gold necessary to a circulating medium, was an idea only fit for Hottentots. To think a circulating medium of gold necessary, was only showing that we were just at the commencement of civilization, or rather on the verge of barbarism†." Nothing can be more just.

"In regard to his apprehension, that

* Stavo ben;—Ma per;—Star meglio;—Sto qui.

† Cobbett's Debates, vol. xx. p. 952.

bank notes could not be made a legal tender, on account of the risk of forgery, that difficulty is easily obviated by enacting, that no creditor shall be compelled to take a bank note as a legal tender, that is not indorsed by the party offering it, which shall be declared by law an obligation upon him to guarantee its validity. More effectual means ought likewise to be taken by the bank to improve their notes, so as to render forgeries almost impracticable.

"I have long been convinced that our distresses originated from our having got into a state of restricted, from one of abundant, circulation; and the improvement in the circumstances of the country, in regard to revenue,—the price of stocks,—commerce,—manufactures, and agriculture, is to be attributed to an increase of circulation subsequent to the suspension of cash payments being continued, in 1816, for two years. It requires no great foresight to prognosticate, that if the suspension is now removed, we shall get back into a state not very different from that which took place in 1815. The fall in the price of stocks, and other symptoms, point out what may be expected, if that fatal system be adopted."

"We must add, however, another extract:—

"The resumption of payments in cash would only tend to enrich those fortunate individuals, whose profits, from the loans they furnished the public, have already become enormous, and who are likewise much benefited by the reduction which has taken place in the price of the articles they consume. On the other hand, much injury has been sustained by the public, from not having shared in the former profits of the bank by which so much public good might have been accomplished; but as removing the suspension at present, is attended with insurmountable difficulties, it would be infatuation in the extreme, not to share in the profits arising from its continuation, more especially as a share of those profits could be expended with so much real benefit."

Now, if Sir John's views are not incorrect, the foregoing paragraph may explain that silence to which we began by advertising, and which, as affording a guide to a right estimate, may be wholly delusive. It may be to the interest of *moneyed men* that the cash-payments should be resumed; while, to the nation at large, it may be of the deepest injury!

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

(Concluded from No. 29, p. 456.)

UNTIL the reign of Charles I, agriculture constituted the chief occupation of the English, and the form of their constitution bordered on a territorial aristocracy; that is to say, the landed proprietors, who have since been reduced and impoverished, were the most important individuals in the country. They supplied the model according to which the manners, customs, and prejudices

of the whole nation were formed. Educated on their estates, they obstinately retained their peculiarities. Being naturally serious, and living entirely within the circle of their families, the superior classes in England acquire a more solid knowledge and purer morals than those on the Continent. During the period of the Reformation, intolerance was a prominent feature in the English character, combined with religious feelings which degenerated into bigotry. The women formed themselves after the model of the men. With the exception of a few traits of barbarism, which arose out of the darkness of the age, many women, during the period of the English republic, bring to our recollection the Valerias and Portias of antiquity. With warm feelings of patriotism and national pride, they combined the sincerest devotion to their husbands. They displayed talent and ability for manly occupations, without, for a moment, renouncing female modesty and reserve.

The periods of tranquillity, which succeeded the storms of the Revolution afforded the fair sex no opportunities for the development of the virtues above alluded to; they rather withdrew themselves from all manly occupations, a course to which the nature of the English constitution has contributed.

The monarch, who is limited in his prerogatives, cannot, as under other constitutions, invest his wife or mistress with any important influence in political affairs. The minister must pay dearly in his person, were he to suffer his mistress to officiate for him. The course of government-affairs is too precisely indicated to admit of any foreign influence; the fair sex are consequently shut out from all political intrigue*. Modern English history presents but few instances of the choice of an admiral or general having been decided by female influence.

An Englishman does not love the fair sex with such a degree of adoration as would lead him voluntarily to renounce the dominion which nature seems to have assigned to man, and which is likewise granted to him by the laws.

As soon as a woman is married, all she is possessed of becomes the property of her husband; and she can dispose of

* This practice of excluding females from all participation in public affairs in England, is a cause of serious complaint to the foreign envoys who are sent to the English Court. All diplomatic intrigues prove ineffectual. The ambassador must trust to the public journals for all his information on the subject of state secrets.

nothing without his consent. He, on the other hand, is responsible for all the debts she may incur, either before or after marriage. Though the husband is obliged by law to pay his wife's debts, and is deprived of personal freedom in case he should not possess the means of doing so, yet, in all that regards property, the wife is reduced to a state of subjection, and the husband invested with control, though limits are established against its abuse.

An Englishwoman is equally estimable as a wife and as a mother. As a wife, she is the faithful companion of her husband; she participates in all his sorrows, observes regularity in her domestic arrangements, and for cleanliness is superior to the females of any other country in Europe. She remains at home, whilst her husband is abroad seeking the recreations of riding, driving, or hunting; she rises early from table, leaving him and his friends to enjoy the pleasures of the bottle; frequently excluded from all society, she lives for years in a lonely country mansion, without feeling any desire to seek for amusement beyond the walls of her house. When she exercises dominion over her husband, it is obtained by sweetness of temper: her's, therefore, is a dominion to which man readily yields, and that only which becomes her sex.

As a mother, an Englishwoman regards the education of her children as her dearest duty. It is exclusively the mother's office to implant in the minds of her children those early precepts which exercise so important an influence over their future existence, and which redound so much to the honour of the English system of education.

There is, however, something monastic in the mode of educating young women in England. A foreigner, introduced for the first time to a party of young English ladies, might almost fancy himself transported to a nunnery. The uniformity of their white muslin dresses would likewise contribute to maintain the illusion; for every female follows the same fashion, without any distinction being observed between youth and old age. Uncommonly fine features are to be met with among the young women in England; but their complexions seem too delicate to resist, for any length of time, the destructive influence of the foggy English atmosphere; they lose their beauty at an early age. The English women are more remarkable for well-proportioned forms than for any striking beauty of countenance. They do not, however, devote much attention to gracefulness of deportment.

Foreigners might be inclined to wish for more vivacity, more wit, and more talent for conversation among the fair sex of England. Even the English husband not unfrequently complains of *ennui* when at home; but he reflects, that the attainment of these attractive talents might have a prejudicial influence on the exercise of more important duties.

THE TEAR OF PITY.

Expression of Compassion at a Card Table.

—So! Miss Hectic died this morning of a consumption.—She was no more than seventeen, a fine girl!—

Ah! is she dead?—*Poor thing! What's Trumps?*

—The man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of that well behind the house, and which he fell into—

Is he? I thought he would not recover.—*Play a spade, ma'am.*

—There were upwards of a thousand killed in the last engagement in the East Indies—How many childless parents are now in sorrow!

Ah! many indeed—*That odd trick is our's.*

The captain is now reduced to such poverty, that I am told it would be charity to send his family a joint of meat—

That's hard—I have not a heart indeed, sir.

—He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since—and the physicians have no hopes that he will recover the use of his reason—

Oh! I recollect, he rode against somebody—*Play a spade, if you please.*

—The prospect to the poor at present is dreadful indeed—there will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich.

Yes—one really gives so much in charity—I'll bet you a crown on the best club.

—Pray, ma'am, have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened to Mrs. —?

What? her son drowned? O yes—*You are eight, you can call.*

—George, ma'am, George, I am sorry to say it, put an end to his life last Tuesday—

You don't say so—I had two honours in my own hand—

Yes; and, as misfortune never comes alone, his mother and sister are in a state of distraction—

Dear me! that's bad—*single, double, and the rub!*

Exeunt, counting their money.

VARIETY.

“*For to make a man be merry.*—Borage leaves and flowers put in urque, drinke. Varven [vervain] steeped in water, sprinkled about the house, where banqueting and company is. Mynt smelled unto, and strewed about the house.” *Ram's Little Dodeon.* London. 8vo. 1606.

Invention of Pins.—Pins were brought from France, in 1543, and were first used in England, by Catharine Howard, Queen of Henry VIII. Before that invention, both sexes used ribands, laces, with points and tags, hooks and eyes, and skewers of brass, silver, and gold.

Churches and Chapels.—At a period when a subscription is on foot for the building of new churches, it is worthy of remark that there are now only 10,192 churches and 1551 chapels; forming 10,421 benefices, to a population of 9,940,389; whereas, before the Reformation, there were 45,009 churches and 55,009 chapels.

English Customs.—The following curious anecdote serves to show what mistaken and exaggerated notions foreigners have of English customs and manners: it is extracted from a very entertaining work, called “*Letters of a Prussian Traveller,*” by John Bramsen:—

“We received a polite invitation from General Bag—zi, who commanded the military force of the district, to breakfast with him the morning after our arrival. He inhabits a large mansion, very richly furnished, is a Corsican by birth, and grand officer of the Legion of Honour. He received us very politely, and in full dress, being decorated with all the insignia of his order. As soon as the usual ceremonies had passed, he asked us if we would begin with rum, or with punch and roast beef; on our appearing puzzled at the question, he said he knew the English were fond of punch, and that he had accordingly ordered some for our breakfast, as well as a piece of roast beef, which, he believed, his servant had got ready. We could not help smiling at his mistake, and confessed that he had hit off the true English taste, with the only difference of an error in point of time. We were then served with the usual breakfast.”

Calidoscopes.—The following advertisement appeared last week in the window of a shop in Briggate, Leeds:—*“Lady Scope colours sold here.”*

The Drama.

COVENT GARDEN.—A comic piece, founded on the Italian *Barbiere di Siviglia*,

and entitled also *The Barber of Seville*, was produced, for the first time, at this house, on Tuesday, 13th instant, and received with general approbation.—On Wednesday it was repeated, and we were present at its representation.—We have already paid Mr. Bishop a deserved compliment on the skill of his musical arrangements in *Don Giovanni*; and, although we by no means think that he has achieved so much in the present instance, yet we cannot withhold our acknowledgments for what he has performed.—The distinction between the adaptation of the present opera and that of Mozart is, that in the latter we are not shocked by the introduction of the least music that does not belong to that master; but, in Rosini's work, there are several interpolations which tend to mar the general effect. However, we had much rather Rosini's compositions should be altered than Mozart's; and, under all the circumstances of the case, are very well satisfied with Mr. Bishop's exertions, only we think that, as he has done so much, he might have done more.—We could not discover much improvement in Mrs. Dickons; her trip to the continent does not appear to have cleared her voice, or to have imparted to it more strength or firmness than it previously possessed. She might possibly not have been in good voice on this evening, but certainly (not to mention Miss Stephens), we have heard much better singing than she favoured us with. One thing, however, we were happy to perceive, namely, that her expression was delicate and appropriate, and we have, therefore, no doubt that, when her vocal organ becomes accustomed to Covent Garden, she will greatly please her auditors. She introduced a very pretty song and piano-forte accompaniment, which met with a loud *encore*. Mrs. Dickons acted with considerable sprightliness, and frequently met with testimonies of approbation, on the score of her histrionic displays. On the whole, we were gratified with Mrs. D.'s exertions, but were far from finding any thing much above the level of mediocrity in her performance, and are decidedly of opinion that a vocal Syren, now absent from the establishment, eclipses her in every point.

Mr. Pyne disappointed us—but in a most agreeable manner; we did not expect to find in him so much tone and precision; his share in the concerted pieces was executed with considerable ability. Liston's Figaro was capitally conceived and executed; it was throughout a rich comic treat.—Jones, in Almaviva, was lively and spirited.—Fawcett, in Bartolo, played extremely well; and Isaacs displayed his bass voice to some advantage in Basil.

We have waited for a proper opportunity to express our regret at the departure of that diligent leader of the band, Mr. Ware; the music suffers much from the want of his superintendence. The man who has been appointed to fill his place seems to possess little or no qualifications for his task; the accord of the musical instruments is frequently jarred by a want of ear in the head of the orchestra.

The revived farce of *The Miser* followed; and displayed Mr. Farren in Lovegold to more advantage than in any character he has yet sustained.—Some slight symptoms of disapprobation were heard on the fall of the curtain, which we attribute to the dullness of the piece, and the frequent introduction of double entendre.—The audience was numerous and respectable.

On Thursday, the 8th instant, Sheridan's comedy of *The Rivals* was revived at this house, with a degree of strength in the cast of the characters to which it has of late years been a stranger. The piece in question is, in our opinion, not very remarkable for wit or brilliancy, although it is sufficiently lively and interesting; but Sheridan has obscured his own talents by the production of that masterpiece of the modern stage, *The School for Scandal*; and in estimating the merits of his other dramas, we are, perhaps unjustly, led to compare them with excellence too striking and too far removed from ordinary displays, fairly to become a test for other works. The wittiest thing in *The Rivals* is Sir Antony's reconciliation of Faulkland and Julia:—"Come Julia, all the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland seemed to proceed from what he calls the delicacy and warmth of his affection for you.—There, marry him directly, Julia—you'll find he'll mend surprisingly."—This touch reminds us forcibly of the repartee of Sheridan's other comedy.

Mr. W. Farren made a bold effort, by undertaking Sir Antony Absolute; candour obliges us to observe, that he was much more successful than we anticipated. He played the part in an original and amusing manner; but, whilst we acknowledge the talents of this gentleman, we cannot sufficiently reprehend the criticism which exalts his personation over that of Downton, to the excellence of whom, in this part, Mr. Farren never will arrive.—Nature sparkles in every expression of Downton; his face reddens with anger—his whole frame is agitated with subdued passions, whilst he upbraids his son, and the gist of the character is, that whilst Sir Antony professes the utmost coolness, he is at the same moment indulging in his own irritability. This position has been endeavoured to be controverted by Mr. Farren's admirers, but with very little plausibility. The expression of anger in Mr. F. became feeble, and conveyed little idea of Sir Antony's character. A little time, we think, will set this matter to rights; the fervour of criticism will then subside; and, whilst the abilities of the new actor are extolled to a reasonable extent, we imagine they will be no longer esteemed beyond those of Downton, Terry, Mathews, and many others of our distinguished comedians. The great defect in Mr. Farren is, that, in all the parts we have yet seen him play, he has been excelled by former actors.

The part of Faulkland, which at Drury Lane was played last season by Mr. Penley, was assigned, on this occasion, to the

best actor of the present day, Mr. Young! As long as *The Rivals* continues to be a stock-piece, we think this character should never be given to an underling. Mr. Young contrived to render it the complete hero of the play, and he gave the testy and jealous throes of Faulkland in a masterly style. After being worked up by Acres's description of the gaiety and good health of his mistress, his manner of demanding of his friend Captain Absolute, "What is his d—d name," was uncommonly fine. The scene, too, where he so affronts and wounds the feelings of his mistress, that she quits the room, was excellent; the uneasy and fretful movement with which, after her departure, he draws himself a chair, and endeavours to enliven his feelings by humming a tune, turning his head every moment towards the door, expecting, in some measure, the return of Julia; until, at length, overpowered by accumulated sensations, he rises abruptly, and calls to her with all his force, only to entreat her to hear him for a single minute,—was all expressed in a style that left the audience nothing to desire.

Mr. C. Kemble performed Captain Absolute with the ease of a gentleman, the affection of a son, and the fervour of a lover.

Mr. Connor should be put in Sir Lucius O'Trigger instead of Mr. Jones, who has no one requisite for the part; and who, although an admirable comedian in his own line, becomes very disagreeable when taken out of it.

We could not find any defect in Mr. Liston's Acres, although the newspapers have been so kind as to inform us that he did not sustain it well. We have not, in fact, seen Liston to much more advantage than in this cowardly squire.

Mr. Farley, in Fag, was amusing and voluble; but Emery was much inferior to little Knight in David.

Mrs. Malaprop, by Mrs. Davenport, was, as usual, capital. Miss Brunton pleased us as much as ever in the fascinating and fascinated Miss Lydia; and Mrs. Faucit was considerably applauded in Julia.

The house was crowded in every part, and when Mr. Young gave out the play for repetition, he was received with shouts of applause.—In the pantomime, (which we did not wait to see) we understand some disgraceful exhibition, by foreigners, met with its merited fate, by being consigned to oblivion.

W. B.

Original Poetry.

LINES

Written on being present at a Select Assembly, given by Mrs. Elliston, to witness the Performances of her Pupils, at Leamington Spa, Friday, October 16th, 1818.

On! we may traverse earth's wide round,
Before a sight more pure is found,
Than where, (sweet balm for each alloy!)
Youth, innocence, and beauty, bound
Through life's brief paths of joy!

I came, a pilgrim, to the scene,
My spirit vex'd, my vision tir'd
With all the follies that have been,
Which men deem joys;—my soul desir'd
A pleasure calmer, purer, far,
Than riot, from her headlong car,
Bestows on those she seeks to cheer
I came, and oh! I found it, here.

How redolent are childhood's joys
With all that's dear and bright;
Yielding a sweet that never cloy,
A bliss, no after thought destroys!
An exquisite delight!
The smile upon the cheek of youth,
Can only spring from joy and truth;
Oh! it is like the beam that plays
Where waters smoothly flow,
All gladdening and calm it lays
Where all is pure below!
And, caught from heaven its cheering rays,
To-morrow may again bestow.
Ah, how unlike the worldling's smile,
Which only beams but to beguile,
Hides pangs remorse may wake;
Like to those fatuous fires, that gleam
On the dark breast of stagnant stream,
Or foul mephitic lake.

The sports of innocence and youth,
Flash with the diamond force of truth;
We know their joy hath no alloy,
No retrospection will destroy;
And, as those flowers*, which still, at night
Shed, all around, sweet sparks of light
Which they have caught by day;
So they beam back youth's noon again,
And light up every darker vein
With pleasure's purest lay.
We catch from innocence its rest,
Inhale from youth its glee;
And feel that glow within the breast
Which long had ceas'd to be.

But see the graceful group advance!
Breathing with mirth and love;
Prepar'd to weave the mazy dance,
Harmoniously they move!
O'er every limb there's music playing,
They glide, like sylphs o'er æther straying;
Or, like Diana's nymphs at sport,
Or, fairies holding some high court;
Now, down arcaded arms they rove;
The Nereides, from coral caves,
That swim in moonlight o'er the waves,
Lur'd by the siren train,
(Charming the tritons, gazing nigh,)
Glide not more undulating by,
Nor to a sweeter strain.
Streaming so softly, lightly, on,
To sounds methinks that well had won
Eurydice again†.
Now, from the elder nymphs, a grove
Where Beauty seems through smiles to move,
Of light, on either side,
The gladdening light of joyful eyes,
For all will gain an equal prize,
All feel an equal pride.
And down that grove the younger band,
Trip on, like elves in magic land,
Whose footsteps only fall on flowers,
Lifting them sweetly up again,
Some fairer blossom's step to gain,
In those enchanted bowers.
Chasing each other, on they come,
Then, all in mingl'd forms, they roam,
A beauteous confusion!

* The Papaver Orientalis, or Eastern Poppy, said to diffuse electric sparks at night.

† The band of this evening was remarkably well conducted; and the music, in place of the hackneyed dances of the day, was judiciously selected from the compositions of the first masters.

Till, like a rocket to the sight,
They shoot into a star of light,
A lucid bright conclusion *.
Now does that motion soothe and please
Where all is melody and ease;
In Beauty's curve they move, they form
For, no sharp angle dares deform,
No step abrupt appear.
As soft they bound as rill through valley,
Which though it joys in antic sally,
Still soothing is and clear;
Nor want these nymphs each livelier step,
Now, in the frolic waltz they twine,
Now, in the gay quadrille they join,
Or giddy reel they trip.
But hold! entrancing every one,
The stately minuet is begun †!
The genius of the night advances!
Oh! dance of dignity and grace,
Thou hast but ill resigned thy place
To fashions lighter dances;
Thy steps that sentiment impart
Thy movements! minuet, of the heart,
Thy elegant, thy courtly train,
That brings us back old times again;
Spreading its folds in graceful flow,
Following the steps like handmaid fair,
And giving that commanding air
Our days do not bestow.
When did'st thou e'er yield more delight
Than by thy mastery to-night?
But who are these, the sister two ‡,
Whom each perfection seems to woo?
How elegantly light they come!
Sweet daughters of Terpsichore,
The goddess' self they seem to be,
And sport from them gains dignity,
Taste finds a lasting home,
Twin mistress, of the Graces they,
The muse of motion owns their sway,
Upon their steps she waits;
Oh! ever be their hearts as light,
And gay, as on this happy night;
Grant it, ye guardian fates!
See, now they come like Gades' maids,
And oh! like them in Cadiz shades,
Off, to the the blythe bolero, set
And clink the sprightly castanet.
Now to the master's § strain they give
A form! it moves! it speaks! alive!
It darts upon the eye and ear.
Votaries of riot, fashion, come
See where Pure Taste has found a home,
See Joy's refinement here!
Sweet nymphs! from whose delight to-night,
My soul in turn hath caught delight,
Accept this tribute-lay;
Still feel the bliss that you feel here,
Still be its source as pure and clear,
Thus does a Poet pray!
How swift this night of joy has past,
How long in memory 'twill last!

LINES

On Lord George H. concealing a Miniature Picture of
his Mother, the Marchioness of D., when going to
School By a Friend who observed the circumstance.

TO YOU.

"TELL me, my child! has any pain distressed
The trembling spirit of your little breast?"

* Alluding to a beautiful figure dance, composed, it is understood, by Miss Elliston; the grouping of which was particularly graceful, and full of fancy.

† A minuet danced by Mrs. Elliston and Miss Maria Elliston, in which the elegant and easy management of the train would have supplied some very necessary hints to the fine ladies and tragedy heroines of our stages,—whose perplexing kicking back of the robes, and entanglement of the feet, every moment, is so offensive to the spectator.

‡ Miss and Miss M. Elliston.

§ Referring to a beautiful dance, composed to Pleyel's concertante, by one of these young ladies.

Or does a pang your bleeding bosom tear,
Because to-morrow takes you from my care?
Ah! tell me why, with gentle hand, you check
A mother's fondness from her darling's neck?
With bleeding heart, and bursting eyes, the
child
Rush'd to his mother's arms, and tearful
smil'd—
"Mama, beloved mama! forgive thy son!
For what in *fond affection* he has done;
Yes! kind mama! one pang is bursting me;
Because to-morrow takes me far from thee:
But that is all—no other woe can harm
Thy child, protected by a saving charm;
No pain can grieve, no pang can ever tear,
While next my heart this talisman I wear!"
He said, and blushing, from his bosom drew
—A lovely picture of Perfection—it was YOU!
H. C. J.

THE POET;

On the intensity of his feeling, and the incapacity
of mortal language to express the fullness of his
raptures.

"In truth, he is a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene."

BEATTIE.

TELL me who'll paint the feelings of a bard?
Who can dissect the poet's wondrous brain,
And show its burnings? 'Twere a task right
hard,
Methinks, as he o'er hill and verdant plain,
Or through the boundless skies or rocking
main,
Lets loose, on Fancy's wing, his wand'ring
thought:
Oh! I could name a bard who aye hath wrought
His verse to ecstasy, whate'er he drew:
Who'll paint the ecstasy from which those rap-
tures flew?

Now strong as Fate—now weaker than a child;
Now sore deprest, or burning with delight;
Now swardy plains he roves, or deserts wild,
Or sinks beneath the glooms of darkest night;
And now again he bursts to joy and light!—
His brain! and oh its bursting tenement!
With throbbing-wild I ween are often rent.
His reason—ah! a hair around them wrapt
Would be as strong, for 'tis continually snapt.

Soars he? Full oft ten thousand miles above,
Roaming luxuriantly the golden skies,
Where all around is heavenly peace and love.
Ten thousand endless clouds of perfume rise,
Ten thousand angels dance before his eyes!
Till, laden much, away to earth he wings
His course, and paints his bright imaginings;
And ah! how faint, how very faint I ken
The full Miltonian numbers roll out from his
pen.

Dives he? Unnumber'd fathoms under ground,
Swift thro' the caverns of the ocean's bed;
Perchance where hissing snakes and devils
bound
Athwart his footpath wheresoe'er he'll tread,
Paving his road or flopping o'er his head,—
Where hells ten thousand crowd his magic
thought

He writes—his pen some glimmering oft hath
caught;
Look, thro' his awful words the demons stare!
But oh! nought's half so dark as is the dark
ink there.

Lean will he often o'er some up-shot root,
From whose bed trickles out a whisp'ring
spring,
To mark the hawthorn or rude bramble shoot

Out their blossomings—or hear the linnet sing,
Or watch the tweedling lark upon her wing,
Speck-like above the woodland's topmost tree,
Topping the concert of its minstrelsy.
He wakes—lessens his raptures—do but see
His lines! music! the piping of an humble
bee.

Culls he the mottled garden, gaily wrapt
In, aye, of living gems one golden sheet?
Culls he the emerald meadow all bedropt
With simple kingcup, bell, and daisy neat?
And eke the poppy from the saffron wheat?
He does—and as he pens them down, he strews
Each tint with drops of sweet Castalian dew,
You smell, as in dark rooms at close of day,
You smell the flowers, perchance, but see not
the bouquet!

And, if the blood of youth laughs thro' his
veins,
He'll write of love—he'll tell ye how 'twill burn
Some luckless wight—and how triumphant
reigns

It over man and beast—and how 'twill spurn
At life sometimes, and creep beneath an urn
O'erspread by some dark yew tree's solemn
shade.

When all is done, the sorrow he hath made
Is but a drizzling mist his pen hath caught
Up from the ocean of his melancholy thought.

'Tis ever thus;—upon whatever theme
He throws the splendour of his mind's bright
sun,
Exhaling all that's meet, 'tis but a beam
Most faintly shot—the lazy words do run
So limpingly about whate'er is done.
O! soul divine—O verse, thou ill fram'd thing;
Thou muddy oozing from a heavenly spring;
Thou wax of honey, and thou whey of milk:
Thou rude rough iron bars to weave a web of
silk!

BEppo.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr. Halloran and A. C. B. in our next.
"Dreams" is fanciful and elegant; but there
is an expression in the concluding stanza
which we are not sure that we understand,
or, understanding, should approve.
All the Gubbinses, we are sure, will afford en-
tertainment to our readers.
In our last, p. 466, col. 3, for "ditz countee,"
read "ditz countees;" p. 474, col. 1, for
"electric fluid," read "magnetic fluid;" col.
3, for "Adam vi," read "Adam vit;" and
for "Cher charleval, &c." read "Cher Char-
leval, alors, en verité;" p. 475, middle co-
lumn, 5th stanza, 3rd line, for "grave," read
"grove;" 6th stanza, 3rd line, for "untold,"
read "tenfold;" and last line but one, in
the column, for "bays," read "base;" and
in the last column, 2nd stanza, last line, for
"good," read "God."
Want of room has obliged us to omit several
articles promised for this Number, and the
same cause obliges us to postpone our ac-
knowledgments of Communications received
this Week.

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